SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
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"German Syrup"

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees.

The Germ of Disease.

The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with lightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expells them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well.

The Soap that Cleans Most

is Lenox.

EAP FARMS, Fine climate, free fuel, rich soil and best stock country. nska Security Co., Harrison, Neb.

DER'S PASTILLES. A sure cure for Asthma Sc. by mail. Sold by all Druggists. Wilcox Mfg. Co., Charlestown, Mass.

$5 PER DAY No Capital required. Circulars Free. NLAP PEN CO. BOSTON. MASS.

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Hand Seed Drills, Wheel Hoes, Root Cutters, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, etc. Send for Circular. Manufactured by E. MOSHER, Holly, Mich.

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ANHOOD RESTORED. Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, Nervous Weakness, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Impediments to Marriage, Exhausting drains of self-abuse or excesses and indiscretion. Pamphlet free. Address DR. H. REEVES, Reg. Box 289, N.Y. City.

ED CORN Kills Corns, Warts, Bunions, Stops Pain. Makes the feet feel good. Sold by druggists, or by mail, 15c. Address, Pedi-Kure Co., 56 Adams St., Chicago. Send for Testimonials and Book of Instructions. Mailed free. Ask your druggist to order it for you.

OTHERS Dr. Scudder's Electric Liniment. Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Sprains, Bruises, Stiffness, Soreness, Lameness, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Asthma, Burns, Scalds, Cuts, Wounds, Piles, Frost Bites, Chilblains, Chapped Hands, Sore Nipples, Caked Breast, Inflammation of Kidneys, Weakness of Spine, Pain in Chest, Sides or Back, Female Complaints, Sick Headache, Earache, Toothache, Sore Eyes, Stings of Insects, Bites of Animals, Reptiles and Poisonous Insects. Price 25 cts. per bottle. Sold by druggists. Manufactured only by Dr. Scudder, Kidder, Mo.

Bath Cabinet. Rolling Chair. Physician's Supplies. Trusses. Elastic Stockings. Crutches. Shoulder Braces. Abdominal Supporters. Electric Belts. Batteries. Medicines. Etc. Etc. Descriptive Circulars Free. SHOW ROOMS. 1109 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA. New Haven, Conn.

BOILING WATER OR MILK. PPS'S GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. OCOA LABELLED ½ LB. TINS ONLY. LD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878. W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast—Cocoa From which the excess of oil has been removed. It is absolutely pure and it is soluble. No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as for persons in health. Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

Author of "Monica," "Rose Royal," "Phyllis," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

"I have never been either colder or warmer to Dora Talbot than I have been to any other ordinary acquaintance of mine," returns Sir Adrian, with considerable excitement. "There is surely a terrible mistake somewhere."

"Do you mean to tell me," says Florence, rising in her agitation, "that you never spoke of love to Dora?"

"Certainly I spoke of love—of my love for you," he declares vehemently. "That you should suppose for one single thing for Mrs. Talbot but the most ordinary friendship seems incredible to me. Her husband, poor man, my heart has been given many a day. Not the vaguest tenderness for any other woman has ever crossed my path since I met and your image since first we met."

Yet there was your love-letter to her—I read it with my own eyes!" declares Florence faintly.

"I never wrote Mrs. Talbot a line in my life," says Sir Adrian, more and more puzzled.

"You will tell me next I did not see you kissing her hand in the library last September?" pursues Florence, flushing hotly with shame and indignation.

"You did not," he declares vehemently. "I swear it. Of what else are you going to accuse me?" turning fiercely to her, and I never kissed her hand."

"It is better for us not to discuss his love affairs any more," says Florence, rising from her seat. "And for the future I can not—will not—read to you here in the morning. Let the basket an end of this false friendship now at once and forever."

She moves toward the door as she speaks, but he, closely following, overtakes her, and, pushing back against the door, so bars her egress.

He has been forbidden exertion of any kind now this many days, excitement has brought a color to his wan cheeks and a brilliancy to his eyes. Both these changes, however, are for the worse, however only serve to betray the actual weakness to which, ever since his cruel imprisonment, he has been a victim.

Miss Delmaine's heart smites her. She would have removed him by force, and entreated him to go back again to his lounge, but he interrupts her.

"Before you leave me even for this," he pleads in an impassioned tone, "before you plunge under a delusion, which I swear to you is as false as you, and see things as they really are—"

"I am awake, and I do see things as they are," she replies, coldly.

"My darling, who can have poisoned your mind against me?" she says, in a tone of tenderness.

At this moment, as if in answer to his question the door leading into the conservatory at the other side of the room is pushed open, and Dora Talbot enters.

"Ah, here is Mrs. Talbot," exclaims Sir Adrian eagerly; "she will exonerate me."

He speaks with such full assurance of being able to bring Dora forward as a witness in his defense that Florence, for the first time, feels a shrewd throwing upon the belief she has formed of his being a monster of duplicity.

"What is it I can do for you?" asks Dora, in some confusion. "Of late she has given very out of being alone with either him or Florence.

"You will tell Miss Delmaine," replies Adrian quickly, "that I never wrote you a letter, and that I certainly did not—you will forgive my even mentioning this odious subject—suppositing, I hope, Mrs. Talbot—kiss your hand one day in September in the lime-walk."

Dora turns toward him, a flush, first crimson and then deadly pale. So it is all out now, and she is on her trial. She feels like a criminal who has at last brought to the bar of justice. Shall she promptly deny everything, or—No, she has had enough of deceit and intrigue. Whatever it costs her, she will now be brave and true, and confess all.

"I do tell her so," she says in a low tone, but yet firmly. "I never received a letter from you, and you never kissed my hand."

"Dora!" cries Florence. "What are you saying! Have you forgotten all that is past?"

"Spare me," entreats Dora hoarsely. "In an hour, if you will come to my room, I will explain all, and you can then spurn me, and put me underfoot as a fault of your friendship if you will, and as I well deserve. But, for the present, accept my assurance that no love passages ever occurred between me and Sir Adrian, and that I am fully persuaded his heart has been given to you alone ever since your first interview."

"Florence, you believe her?" questions Sir Adrian imploringly, "you believe all true what she has said. I love you devotedly. If you will not marry me, no other woman shall ever be my wife. My beloved, take pity on me!"

"Trust in him, give yourself freely to him without fear," urges Dora, with a sob. "He is altogether worthy of you!" So saying, she escapes from the room, and goes up to the fire-side to her own apartment weeping bitterly.

"Is there any hope for me?" asks Sir Adrian of Florence as Dora leaves them again alone. "Darling, answer me, do you—can you love me?"

"I have loved you always—always," replies Florence in a broken voice. "But I thought—I feared—oh, how much I have suffered!"

"Never mind that now," rejoins Sir Adrian very tenderly. He has placed his arm round her, and she is no longer resisting in happy contentment upon his breast. "For the future, my dearest, you shall know no fear nor suffering if I can prevent it."

They are still murmuring tender words of love to each other, though a good half hour has gone by, when a loud peal of ringing laughter from the conservatory attracts their attention, and presently Captain Ringwood, with his arm round Ethel Villiers's waist, comes slowly into view.

Totally unaware that any one is in the room besides themselves, and entranced, until, happening to lift their eyes, they suddenly become aware that their friends and Miss Delmaine are regarding them with mingled glances of surprise and amusement. Instantly they all burst out laughing.

"It is—that is—you see—Ethel, you explain," stammers Captain Ringwood confusedly.

At this both Sir Adrian and Florence burst out laughing so merrily and so heartily that all constraint comes to an end, and, finally Ethel and Ringwood, joining in the merriment that has been raised at their expense, withdraw a full explanation.

"I think," says Ethel, after awhile, looking keenly at Florence and Sir Adrian, "that you look just as guilty as we do. Don't they, George?"

"They seem very nearly as happy, at all events," agrees Ringwood, who now that he has confessed to his having been just accepted by Ethel Villiers "for better for worse," is again in his usual gay spirits.

"Nearly? you might say quite," says Sir Adrian laughing. "Florence as we have disclosed their secret, I think it will be only honest of us to tell them ours."

Florence blushes and glances rather shyly at Ethel.

"I know it," cries that young lady, clapping her hands. "You are going to marry Sir Adrian, Florence, and he is going to marry you."

At this they all laugh.

"Well, one of those surmises could hardly come off without the other," observes Ringwood with a smile. "So your second guess was a pretty safe one. If she is right, old man"—turning to Sir Adrian—"congratulate you both with all my heart."

"Yes, she is quite right," responds Sir Adrian, directing a glance full of ardent love upon Florence. "What should I do in life if she refused to be mine unless I devoted all my days to it?"

"You see, he is marrying me only out of gratitude," says Florence, smiling archly, but large tears of joy and gladness sparkle in her lovely eyes.

THE END.

CHILLY FANATICISM.

English Cranks of the Bath Taking Their Frigid Plunge.

I found myself at the Serpentine at an unusually early hour the other morning, says a writer in the London Graphic. A little way out in the water, in front of the diving board, was a ladder lying on the ice, and in front of this ladder were two trestles. Between the two trestles the ice was broken away, leaving a space to dive into about ten feet long by five or six wide, the trestles being placed there for the purpose of keeping the miserable little plunge bath select from the skaters. To the left of the trestles was another ladder lying on the ice. Near the bank I found a policeman who was communicating with a boat by the kind of a club and number about twenty, he told me. They bathe every morning. No matter what the weather is, in they'd go, just the same. All classes of people belong to the club, and some came from a good distance. One enthusiast is 75 years old. His hair and beard are white as snow.

Just behind us was a very fine old elm tree. "That," said the policeman, "is their favorite tree. That is where they dress and undress." I went upon to find this was the case, as the bathers came up. The trees are to arrive just no time in undressing, but went to the tree and threw off his clothes, chatting to the policeman the while. Then he would pay his fee at the petch of water between the trestles. Into the water he jumped—it is very shallow here—and, dipping, underneath it, began to swim out some very large blocks of ice to the right of the left of him. This done, he leaped nimbly on to the diving-board, poised himself, plunged, and disappeared beneath the water. "Ah!" as they went in and came out.

"How do you feel?" said I to one who was drying himself—"cold?"

"Cold! of a glow—warm all over."

"How do you feel when you go in first—cold?"

"No," not at all. Of course, it's use."

He went on to say that he had indulged in the cold plunge bath for twelve years and had never missed a day. Nor did any of the others miss if they could help it. Rain, hail or snow—in he went, and he was well. He had been in when it's been 20 degrees below freezing point," he said delightedly; "it's only about 5 now," and he seemed sad because it was too warm.

"And you like it?"

"Rather—most healthy thing in the world—feel quite fresh for the day. Quite."

The bathers are allowed by the authorities to have this special lot of water all to themselves, and very jealously they guard their privilege. Directly the day they have a swimming race of 100 yards with first, second and third prizes, but not for money. Last Christmas they did not race. As it was so cold they only dived.

Saw Sir Chinese Lose Their Heads.

Mr. J. Crawford Lyon recently returned from China and Japan, and talks in an interesting way of matters in those lands. The most horrible thing he saw in China was an execution, in which fifteen human heads were lopped off in as many minutes.

Once, about noon, on what in America would be a spring morning, a number of war junks arrived in Kowloon Bay and the mandarins in command visited Hip Tol, the governor. As a result of the visit the governor, the latter official quickly called out his regular army, who soon lined the ill-smelling beach. Shortly the object of the turn out became apparent by several boats pulling off from one of the junks with scores of soldiers guarding a dirty, unshaven wretches in baskets bound for execution. All looked emaciated to the last degree, but none appeared to have been dosed with opium, as is sometimes done in such cases. Their queues were braided with stripes of white cotton, upon which were written their names and their crimes. The executioners—two fellows wearing white jackets and straw hats; around the latter of which were brahled their queues to keep their hats from blowing off—had been waiting on the beach for an hour or more, handing their swords around to be examined by the crowd, an inspection which evoked frequent jests. When the victims were seen approaching, the weapons were gripped and ready for action.

The prisoners were placed in two lines just above the high-water mark. Each of the lines of 7 with his face assigned to one of the executioners, who made ready by removing his broad-brimmed hat. The first head flew off like lightning. Either the first blow weakened the arms of the man swinging the sword, or else the neck of the second man was thicker and tougher than that of his predecessor, for when the blow fell upon the neck of the second man the head still hung on, the man falling on his face.

The swordsman passed on, lopped off the head of the next and then returned to the second man. Lifting the partly severed head by the queue he began to saw at the throat. When the executioner had carved all around the neck, he caught hold of the man's queue and struck the neck repeatedly, until the head flew off. The prisoners in the second line, who had witnessed the horrible scene, were then dealt with by the executioner after the same fashion. The first and third were decapitated expeditiously, but the second required two strokes.

Volapuk's Life Threatened.

The language called Volapuk, which has been so carefully cultivated by many students in various countries, is threatened with extinction. The trouble has arisen from the action of its originators in altering its forms so that it may be used as the universal literary as well as the universal commercial tongue of the world. These changes the Volapuk academy refused to accept, and the alterations are thus causing a split in the Volapuk circles, each side ignoring the writings and proceedings of the other.

Correcting a Mule.

"If," said the driver, "you will consider the correcting of a mule, I don't think it will appear that I took an unfair advantage of him. I build a wagon so strong that no mule could kick it to pieces. I set before board I fixed a magnet so powerful that the next time the mule kicked, it held his feet up. I had a good deal of trouble to get him away from the magnet, but stopped his kicking."

FROZEN DOGS.

A Round, Unvarnished Tale About a Very Cold Camp.

It was a cold, clear, sharp morning in January. A number of travelers were stamping up and down the platform, because it was freezing.

The express train never waits for any man, but sometimes man has to wait for the express train. When it is below zero and the wind blowing and roaring the train is generally behind time.

"This is pretty cold weather," said one man, as he commenced dancing a breakdown to keep his blood in circulation.

"Yes," said another, "but it's nothing to the cold weather I have seen in Russia."

This last declaration seemed to rile the frozen travelers, who were jumping and kicking and swinging their hands against their sides to keep warm. They were patriotic and didn't like to stand by and hear their home cold weather belittled or made light of.

"How cold have you known it in Russia?" asked several at once.

"Well, now I have seen it pretty cold. I can tell you. I remember the winter of '67 pretty well. It was about the bitterest of all the bitter winters I ever spent. I was at Moscow then. Business compelled me to open the back door to let the dog out for a run in the snow. As he jumped off the step a neighbor's dog saw him and, as they were old enemies, they made a frantic rush for each other. When they got into the middle of the field they stood still, each one waiting for the other to make an attack. After they had been standing there a few minutes I noticed that my dog's tutes both dogs made up their minds to commence hostilities. Just as they undertook to spring upon one another they found they could not move."

"What was the matter?" asked several men, who could not let the stranger finish his story in peace.

"What was the matter?" repeated the narrator scornfully, "why, the dogs were frozen stiff, that is all was the matter; and there they stood, knowing perfectly well that they couldn't move to save their lives, and very bit of each dog was frozen stiff except the intelligence. Each one thought the other might thaw out first and eat him up. The expression of mingled fear and disgust that lay in their features was heartrending. They would be easy victims for any urchins with evil designs that might come along. Suddenly each made another endeavor to wag his tail, and the two efforts were so great that both tails wagged; but, as they were frozen stiff they snapped off close to the termini of the owners, and two tails were seen flying across the field.

"By this time we thought something was the matter, and I went out to learn the state of affairs. I picked both dogs up and returned to the house with them. First we thought that we would put them in front of the fire and let them thaw out gradually, but my sister, who was a soft, a tender-hearted creature, said that a surer and quicker way of alleviating their suffering would be to immerse them in hot water, which would at the same time give them a much-needed bath. We filled a wash tub with hot water and threw the dogs in, and what do you think?"

"What?" asked the entire party, in tones of great interest.

"Why, the dogs broke just as glassware does when put in hot water in cold weather."

"What—cracked like glassware?" they all asked.

"Certainly; just like preserve dishes or wineglasses."

"What did you do then?"

"Why, we stuck them together with glue; the only trouble was that in the hurry we got the wrong heads on the wrong dogs, and I couldn't tell the fox terrier from the King Charles spaniel. But they were glued tight, though."

"What kind of glue did you use?"

"I used my great Magic Glue, which I am now selling over the country—I have a few samples left—at the reduced price of 6d. each. It is purely vegetable and will make a mechanic stick to his trade. I am the sole agent for—"

But the train came booming along and choked the glue man off.—London Tid-Bits.

The Whistling Boy.

If ever in the course of human events heaven blesses me with an heir of the small-boy class, I shall teach him to whistle early in his young career and encourage him to warble merrily way throughout the sunshine and the shade of youth and age. I never see a younger with his hands shoved down in his pants' pockets, his head thrown back, his cheeks swelled out like a pair of bellows and his puckered lips piping a jolly tune that I don't set that boy down as an innocent-hearted lad who wouldn't do anything more harmful than rob a watermelon patch or such. He wouldn't tell a malicious lie or do a cowardly trick.

These are the works of the sly youngster who has an overall eye and the listener can tell at once that he is afraid to whistle lest he make a noise and attract attention. The whistling boy never makes the footpad or the cut-throat, though he may never be president. I can't help having my suspicion about a man who never learned to whistle in his youth. In nine cases out of ten he has a baleful face, a fishy eye, a dull digestion, and his ideas on many points of morality are questionable.—New York Ledger.

Keep Away From Australia.

The streets of Melbourne and Sidney, says a London traveler from Australia, swarm with the unemployed. They are not vicious or lazy—on the contrary, are, many of them, intelligent to a degree. It is common to find among this army of unemployed graduates of English universities—young men of culture, whose families stand high in social circles at home. These young men are lured to Australia by the romantic charm that seems to envelop new countries at a distance, and they expect to secure a competence in a very brief time. They go there, live high while their money lasts, and only when their mistake when every shilling is gone. I could secure the services of 1,500 intelligent young, healthy men for ten shillings a week and board. The ranches are glutted with help, and experienced help at that."

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we can not cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Wife—"Do you know, dear, I really believe I can speak French much better in a dream. Just now—you see, well I can swear better in English at the same time."

For the Towpath.

In Germany experiments have recently been made with small locomotives for towing heavy boats on canals. Instead, however, of attaching the rope to the locomotive it is attached to a heavy towing car, which is drawn by the locomotive. The plan is said to be satisfactory.

One Satisfaction.

The reporters were supposed to have lied, the lawyers acknowledged that they lied, and it was proven that the witness lied, but there was no excuse in the divorce suit was the most interesting thing the public had read in many a day.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children she gave them Castoria.

Mr. Staylate—I hear your mother's step on the stairs, and I shall be able to bid her good night. Sleepy Beauty (wearily)—It shall be another. She's a late sleeper. Probably the girl coming down to start the fire.

Where There Are No Bad Indians.

The Sisseton Indian reservation at the eastern boundary of South Dakota, containing one million acres of choice farming lands, has just been opened for settlement, and offers to the homeseeker inducements that cannot be equalled. The soil is very fertile, the country well watered, there being numerous small lakes within its boundary, and it is within a short distance of the twin cities of the Northwest, St. Paul and Minneapolis, insuring good markets almost at the settlers' doors.

This is not a frontier reservation, but is surrounded on all sides by an old, well settled and prosperous country.

The reservation will be sold for actual settlers, only homestead entries of 160 acres each being permitted, and there is no reservation in the choice. To get the best, however, come early; first come, first served. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only road which runs directly through the reservation. To reach it from the East buy tickets to Summit, S. D., Wautesy, S. D., Wilmot, S. D., or Wheaton, Minn. Summit is within the reservation the other stations on the border. All ticket agents in the United States or Canada sell tickets via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

For further information, apply to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Rose tints in paper are very popular at the present time. Violet has always taken the lead, but rose tints are now said to be added to boxes of tiny stationery in the small shopping fillers with which perfumers delight.

Probably the largest fee ever received by a lawyer in this country was that paid to Chauncey M. Depew, who is said to have received $60,000 for services rendered in organizing the sugar trust.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The only things we really pray for are those we are willing to work for.

It is only now and then that the Lord gets a chance to make a christian out of a stingy man.

Garfield Tea is really more of a food than medicine; not injurious if taken daily as it is composed of harmless herbs; cures constipation.

The devil saves a good many battles by getting the Battalions of God to fire at one another.

For Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of Brown's Bronchial Troches. Price 25 cts. Sold only in boxes.

A Brooklyn man has invented a sacque to wear to keep off the grippe—a new kind of grippe-sack.

When Dobbins' Electric Soap was first made in 1864, it cost 20 cents a bar. It is precisely the same ingredients and quality now and doesn't cost half. Buy it and your grocer will refund your clothes. If he hasn't it, he will get it.

The devil never wastes any bait on the man who only wants to get enough religion to squeeze into heaven.

Young mothers who regain strength but slowly, should bear in mind that nature's greatest blood builder and Liver Regulator, Vegetable Compound. It has no rival as thousands testify.

The man who is not willing to take off his coat to help another in his quiet way never creates very much of a stir in heaven.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

I read what Mr. Bell said about making $60 per month, and I will say that I received a letter from Mr. Bell, and he received a fine case of samples. I took orders the first day I worked, and made $5.00, and the first week I made $30.00, and I can make I had $15 clear profit. Any one can get circulars and samples by writing the above firm. I can say that the business is honorable in every respect, as I have had considerable experience.

Yours Truly, W. F. WILLIAMS.

The devil doesn't care so much about how does the praying and preaching in the church when he can have his own way about the singing.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

Patent medicines differ—One has reasonableness, another has not. One has reputation—another has not. One has confidence, born of success—another has only "hopes."

Don't take it for granted that all patent medicines are alike. They are not.

Let the years of uninterrupted success and the tens of thousands of cured and happy men and women, place Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription on the side of the comparison they belong.

And there isn't a state or territory, no—nor hardly a country in the world, whether its people realize it or not, but have men and women in them that're happier because of their discovery and their effects.

Think of this in health. Think of it in sickness. And then think whether you can afford to make the trial if the makers can afford to take the risk to give your money back as they do if they do not benefit or cure you.

BEWARE OF THEM.

Cheap imitations should be avoided. They never cure and are often dangerous.

S. S. S. WILL CURE.

My daughter had a case of chronic Eczema, which for over five years had baffled the skill of the best physicians. As she was daily growing worse, I quit all other treatment and commenced using S. S. S. Before finishing the second bottle the scaly incrustations had nearly disappeared. I continued using S. S. S. until she was entirely cured. I waited before reporting the case to see if the cure was permanent. Being satisfied of this, I owe to this astonishing disease for all time to come, I send you this.

V. VAUGHN, Sandy Bottom, Va.

There is only one S. S. S. Take no other.

BOOKS ON BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES FREE.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

St. JACOBS OIL THE BEST.

Rheumatism. Neuralgia.

N. Ogden, Mich. May 17, 1893.

"A half bottle of your St. Jacobs Oil medicine at Jacobs Oil for neuralgia and found it a speedy, effective cure."

H. M. AGNES KELLY.

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

THE NEWCOMB Fly Shuttle Rag Carpet LOOM.

Weaves 10 yds. an hour. Perfect goods. Warranted 5 years. Circulars free.

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